

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

DISCE · QVASI SEMPER · VICTURUS · VIVE · QVASI · CRAS · MORITURUS ·

VOL. X << IV.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JANUARY 19, 1901.

No. 16.

Mercy.

WE love to scent the wild sweet-briar,
Yet touched, it gives us pain.
The streamlet, too, we oft admire,
Is darkened with the rain.

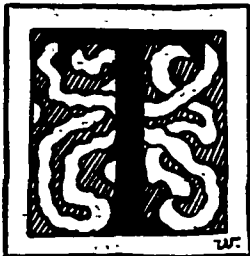
The painting that delights the eye,
To shades its beauty owes.
On yonder shrub conjoined we spy
The thorn and the rose.

No mortal ever yet was made
From imperfection free.
The angels, too, have some small shade—
God willed that it should be.

Then mercy to your brothers show,
If you would be forgiven;
The best man's lot indeed were woe
Were Mercy not in Heaven.

G. J. D.

Our Knighthood



HE mists of immemorial antiquity shut out from our view the beginning of knighthood. When we look for the original of our order, we prefer the annals of that knighthood which had its birth in the age of chivalry and which had its baptism in the temple of God; that knighthood whose purposes reflected honor upon the initiated, and whose aims soared high above the feats of physical strength and above the lust of arms.

We can, under the light of the history of chivalry, see the aspirant for knightly dignity baring his shoulders for anointment with the

Sign of the Cross in the twilight of evening. We can follow him, robed in the habit and cowl of the hermit, as he wends his way to the chapel. We can view him in the chapel absorbed in night-long prayer keeping the vigil of arms until sunrise. We can observe him as he enters the confessional. We can watch him as he attends the Mass, approaches the Communion table, and offers the taper to the "honor of God." We can gaze with rapture at the feudal ceremony of investing him with the sword in the presence of nobility and grace and royalty itself. We can join him as he returns with girded sword to the chapel and, reverent of duty, approaches the altar and lays his right hand thereon vowing, in unfaltering voice, to support and defend the Church, and to demean himself as a good knight. We can behold the final ceremony of his investiture as he ungirds his sword and offers it upon the altar, so that the sword, as well as the arm that wields it, may be consecrated to the high and ennobling purposes of Catholic knighthood.

In the age of chivalry, this elaborate ceremony, celebrated with great pomp and circumstance, was fraught with profound meaning. The newly dubbed knight was first a practical, zealous Roman Catholic; his faith in, and his practice of religion were the primal tests of his candidacy. His loyalty to the Church, unwavering and ardent, was the first and highest duty of his knighthood. His second duty was fidelity to the cause in which he enlisted and to the leader whom he followed. An obligation of equal force with the second was to defend the weak, the unprotected and the oppressed; and a fourth of equal strength, was chivalrous attention to the fair sex, which latter inspired Charles Major to enwreath, with felicitous diction and rare charm, a delightful story of chivalry, whose title was taken from Leigh Hunt's lines:

* Response of William P. Breen of Fort Wayne, Ind., to the toast, "Our Knighthood," delivered at the initiation banquet of the South Bend Council of the Knights of Columbus, South Bend, Ind., Jan. 6.

There lived a knight, when knighthood was in flower,
Who charmed the tiltyard and the bower.

The conspicuous virtues of knighthood of old embraced valour, loyalty, courtesy and munificence. The primary qualification of the knight was emulous valor which forbade even the suspicion of cowardice. With it was loyalty, which inspired the most exact fidelity to all his engagements whether with lord or love, friend or foe. With loyalty was joined courtesy which was a something more than politeness, rather a modesty of carriage, a spirit of self-abnegation and a careful and scrupulous regard for the feelings of others. Joined to these three was munificence, a species of charity, which carried with it a disdain for money, an eager readiness to relieve want and reward favors, and a high-bred, open-hearted, broad hospitality.

Therefore, it was no wonder that Edmund Burke, in his matchless way, should have characterized chivalry, as "the unbought grace of life, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise. "Never," says he, "never more shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that subordination of the heart which kept alive in servitude itself the spirit of exalted freedom, and that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honor which felt a stain like a wound, which inspired courage and ennobled whatever it touched."

We have met to take on the graces and emulate the sterling virtues which gemmed chivalry and ever adorn mankind. After all, we are but chalk figures on the blackboard of Time; we shall be shortly erased, and other figures shall take our places as soon as the hand of Providence shall have worked out the problem of which we are but a small part. History has embalmed the virtues and memories of the Knights of Chivalry, who endured privations and trials unutterable for the cause of the deliverance of Jerusalem and the recovery of the cradle of Christianity. But the age of chivalry lives only in history; its sustaining impulse abides no longer; the spirit of the dawning century is for peace not for war. I am optimistic enough to believe that before the end of the twentieth century war shall have become a lost science, and Heaven-kissed peace shall thereafter forever mantle the entire world.

The Knights of Columbus would not revive the age of chivalry; we would not bring back

the sword of the knight which gleamed in the Middle Ages; it has rusted in its scabbard. Let it rest in the tomb beside the ashes of the warlike knight; but the virtues of that knight can be profitably studied, because virtue is invariable and eternal, ever beautiful and ever new. The temple of our knighthood contains no shrine for war, no niche for the sword; in it are tabernacled charity, unity, brotherly love and patriotism. "Faith without works is dead." If we would live we must practise the four splendid virtues to which we have pledged support, allegiance and fidelity. Thus shall we make our knighthood perpetual; thus shall we make ourselves better men; thus shall we make ourselves better citizens, and thus shall we best respond to the genius of the republic, whose splendor and glory shall endure until man shall be no more.

Carl's Passion.

ALBERT L. KRUG, 1902.

Herr von Barnhardt was sitting before the fire in his cozy den turning a small sheet of pink notepaper over and over. On it, in a lady's writing, were the words:

MY DEAR BOY:—If you wish to see me, come to my rooms to-morrow evening at half-past five, and take tea with me. FRANCESCA HOFFMANN.

28 Steinstrasse.

Francesca Hoffmann! The old gentleman remembered seeing that name upon the billboards in front of a theatre. So his only son Fritz, scarcely twenty, was carrying on a correspondence with an actress. Only the night before he had given the lad a lecture on the evils of modern society, and had warned him particularly against such company.

An old soldier, very stern, and accustomed to the strictest obedience, he became furious at the thought that his son had disobeyed him. He ordered a servant to call the boy immediately. The lad soon appeared, not a little surprised at seeing his father in such a great rage.

"Fritz," thundered the old man, "what was I saying to you yesterday? Didn't I warn you against following the example of other young men who go about with actresses and people of that stamp? Answer me!"

"Yes, father," replied Fritz, wondering what it all meant.

"Then, sir," said the old man, "what do

you mean by carrying on a correspondence with such people?

"I've carried on no such correspondence," answered the lad.

"You haven't? Then what does this mean?" yelled Herr von Barnhardt, poking the paper under his son's nose.

When the boy saw it he blushed up to his ears.

"Why, this letter is not for me," he said at length; "I do not even know the person who wrote it."

"Not for you? Then for whom is it?"

"For—for—"

"Tell me," thundered the old man.

"It is for Carl Holm."

"Then your cousin must have his notes sent to you so that his mother will not find it out, eh? I shall inform my sister of Carl's conduct. Get your hat and come with me at once."

A short time later they arrived at Carl's home, Fritz filled with remorse at the thought that he had betrayed his bosom friend, and Herr von Barnhardt thinking of nothing but his duty. They found Mrs. Holm and her son in the parlour.

"Lena," burst out the old gentleman, "do you know that that young man is secretly receiving notes from actresses?"

"What do you mean?" asked the astonished woman.

"I mean that some actress has asked him to tea with her to-morrow evening and that she sent the note in care of Fritz, so that you would suspect nothing."

"I can not believe it," gasped the lady.

"Then ask him yourself."

"Carl, is this true?" she asked turning to her son.

"Yes," he replied sullenly.

"My boy, why do you do this?"

"O mother! she is so beautiful, so charming. When she walks over the stage she is as graceful as a nymph, and when she speaks you would think the voice was that of an angel. Please give me permission to visit Francesca, and then bring her to you. You could not help loving her."

"Have you ever seen this lady before, off the stage I mean?" asked his mother.

"No, I saw her only once, and that was at the theatre, but I am sure she—"

Just then Mrs. Holm happened to glance at the name on the note.

"So this is the lady with whom you are so desperately in love!" she said. "Well, well,

I suppose we can arrange matters so that you shall visit her."

"Lena," said the astonished Herr von Barnhardt, "do you intend to allow this disgraceful affair to go on?"

"Yes."

"But I protest. The idea of one of the Barnhardt's going about with an actress—an actress!"

"Please remember that this is my child."

"But I am his uncle, and—"

"Franz, this is my child, and I shall do with him as I think best."

"Very well, I wash my hands of the matter. If any trouble arises, don't say that I didn't warn you. After this I will take care that Fritz shall see no more of Carl. Anyone that keeps such company is not a fit companion for my son."

Mrs. Holm would have given an indignant reply had not the old man seized his son by the arm, and rushed from the room. As for Carl he was overjoyed. Throughout the evening, he was telling his mother how kind she was, and how much she would love Francesca.

With a light heart he entered Miss Hoffmann's little parlour the next day. She looked somewhat older to him than she had seemed to be on the stage, but then the dim light might cause that. If he had any other thoughts like these they were banished by the greeting and the pleasant flow of her conversation. Never had he found a lady so charming. And by the time that a neat maid announced that tea was ready, he was more than ever in love with his hostess.

To Carl's surprise, the table was set for four, and at one of the places sat a man of about fifty years of age.

"Mr. Holm," said Miss Hoffmann, "allow me to introduce you to my husband, Mr. Clement." Then turning to a side door she called, "George, come here!"

Out came a young man of about the same age as Carl, and then Miss Hoffmann, or rather Mrs. Clement, said once more: "This is my son, George. I hope you will be the very best of friends."

GOOD manners are made up of petty sacrifices.

Trust men and they will be true to you; treat them greatly and they will show themselves great.—Emerson.

Varsity Verse.

REMEMBRANCE.

WHEN the sea is hushed in slumber
 And the wind is in the trees,
 And night has wrapped his mantle
 Round the land—
 When the spirit of this night wind
 Whispers in the distant breeze,
 And the waves kiss whitened pebbles
 On the strand,
 Then a mist rests on my vision
 And old memories seek control
 As in serried ranks they cast their strength
 On me;
 And bursting from my bosom
 They soon lay bare my soul,
 As the waves lay bare
 The secrets of the sea.

Then the night winds seem to echo
 Back the sadness of my life,
 To recall these hidden memories
 Sunk in sleep,
 And my being seems to tremble
 At its past of war and strife,
 As the seaweeds rest and tremble
 In the deep;
 And I seek a land now distant,
 For my heart would fain be there,
 As a vision of my lost youth
 Greets my sight,
 But I can not seek fulfilment,
 I, alone, must wander where
 Day is lost in lengthened shadows
 Of the night.

J. J. S.

NESSUN MAGGIOR DOLORE.

Our joy has gone with vacation's spell
 And sorry faces fill each hall;
 As yet too near their worth to tell
 Do mem'ries lie of home and all.

The steaming pot on the fireplace hot,
 The nuts, the corn, the holly red,
 The jolly faces around that spot,
 The happy things that then were said.

No more the morning nap we take,
 Nor see that turkey meal at noon.
 Frivolity we now forsake,—
 Our troubles come too soon.

Each placid forehead now must frown,
 And hard is it to play the wise,
 When spirit scales run so far down,
 And haziness hangs o'er the eyes.

F. F. D.

LONGING.

Far out, as far as I can see,
 A dull expanse of water lies;
 A leaden sky hangs o'er the sea,
 Far out, as far as I can see,
 And sky and sea bring thoughts of thee,
 Far off, neath other ocean skies;
 But out, as far as I can see,
 A dull expanse of water lies.

C. L.

Terms in Criticism.

EDWARD A. RUMELY, 1902.

The beginner in every line of study must first master terms. In the sciences as in philosophy he has then the whole field before him; but not so in criticism. There, when the teacher has made his pupils know and feel the meaning of definitions his work is ended. All else is a matter of taste—that indescribable, priceless eye to fitness. The dullard may plod through his course, and by weary, soul-searing work attain the goal with his more gifted classmates. In respect to taste, however, we are doomed to superiority or inferiority by fate. Long before we emerge from the rudeness of our boyhood, environment has bound us in fetters of iron. The sins, virtues and ideas of our ancestors, the characters of our companions, the social and political institutions of our country, and even the humidity, sunshine and gloom of climate, embody themselves forever in features of body and nerve arcs of brain; or, in language less exact, they mould our character, and with it taste. To teach criticism, then, is to implant living, moving, organic definitions.

Classicism, in the sense in which that term is commonly placed in opposition to Romanticism, means the striving to be like in style, method and choice of subject to the masters of literature. Then the tendency is but a single manifestation of a trait of nature common to the great mass of mankind. They are willing to sweat and labor in the burning sun and in the dingy factory corner till every spark of humanity is smothered within them. When a Goethe or a George has laid bare the ulcer from which they suffer, their listless reply comes: "It has always been thus and must therefore be right." Conservatism in its intensest form is rife in our own day. Science has proved beyond all question that evolution is a fact, and yet, how many are they that hesitate and shrink back as a boy cowers before his first plunge into cold water. In literature a like reluctance to depart from the beaten path—that leaning toward the old thing, the thing with a precedent—is classicism.

Horace was a man of this type. That he introduced a few new verse forms into Latin must be conceded, but he took them from the Greek. They were not original, I mean to

say. The bulk of his imagery is wholly classic. His similes and metaphors have the odor of mildewed rolls of parchment from Pergamus. With him heroic deeds are done after the fashion of the gods and heroes of the Iliad. Only here and there a sprightly comparison to nature buds forth, and is the more beautiful for its isolation.

To denote the fundamental idea of Romanticism as a school of literature, the word itself does not suffice. Horace saw the antithesis between the two schools, and put it thus:

Aut famam sequere aut sibi conventia finge.

Yes, to follow tradition, or to make conventions for ourselves, that is the question. The spirit of conservatism, like many institutions of our day, was born of ancestor worship. The character that breaks through custom in one line would generally do so in any other.

The Romanticist is one of this nobler type of manhood in whom the direction of thought is not predetermined, in whose nervous system the ideas of past generations are less firmly embedded. For him nothing is right because it is. He will challenge forms of government and tenets of religion, offering substitutes of his own invention as he does with words, idioms and the laws of art. Shakspeare, Pindar and Goethe must be classed here with a reservation: there may be misdirected good in revolutions. For them principles of art were useful and necessary inasmuch as they are organized knowledge. They were by no means, however, subject to them, as the monarchs of Europe to-day to their constitutions. Pindar never hesitated to impart swing to his odes by bold defiance of the rule that sentences must be continuous with stanzas. Shakspeare withal makes Cæsar say:

*I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true, fixed and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament.*

A thorough-going classic, with his similes drawn from dusty books instead of nature, would have said, I imagine:

*I am the fixed Achilles; round me move
The swaying ranks of men in constant change.*

As a typical diagram arbitrarily drawn enables the student in botany or zoölogy to form a general notion of the species, the examples will, I hope, make clear the sphere and content of Romanticism. Both terms have another use. Classics are all the integral parts that make up literature. We may say

to illustrate, that Henry Esmond and Hamlet are classics of our language; novels that abound in the strange, odd and improbable are Romances.

Next arises the question, which side has a just view of things? A modicum of truth resides with each, and still neither position is wholly logical.

There is a passage from Trench, that will not suffer, if style in general be substituted for words: "And as it is with ideas, so it is with their symbols, words. New ones are perpetually coined to meet the demand of an advanced understanding of new feelings that have sprung out of the decay of old ones, of ideas that have shot forth from the summit of the tree of knowledge. Old words meanwhile fall into disuse and become obsolete."

Classicism, driven to its limit, is obliged to employ no word or idiom unsanctioned by use, and would in consequence soon find itself unable to enunciate clearly any idea newer than accepted words. Romanticism, on the other hand, is change and improvement, which, carried to its extreme, is fluctuation with every passing breeze. The evils consequent are evident. One word, idiom or law could hardly crystallize before another would supersede it. Our minds would be baffled by the mist and vagueness of language. Poetry, since it is largely a playing on the feelings associated with words, would lose half its charm. Ability to strike the golden mean is perfection in art. Shakspeare had it.

The Masquerader.

ROBERT L. FOX. 1901.

"Hey! Dick, is that you? Get a move on yourself! I've been waiting here for th' last half hour. I thought you'd thrown up the job. It's a dead sure thing now. We can rob that house in a jiffy. The way's clear. That Hueston girl's gone out, and the old man won't be back from Chicago till ten o'clock. It'll be a rich haul. Come along! We ain't got much time. I'll lead the way."

"Aha!" said Jack Odell to himself, "here is sport. That chump evidently takes me for his accomplice. I thought, when I put on this costume, that I appeared somewhat tough, but I never expected to be taken for a footpad."

Jack was on his way to an informal masquerade party given by some young ladies at Lake Geneva. Not having time to purchase a suitable costume for the occasion he rummaged about in his attic at home for cast off clothes. When he donned an old suit, a slouch hat and a half mask that he had also found he had every appearance of a highwayman. Jack took in the situation at once, decided to leave the burglar under the impression that he was his associate, thinking he could foil him in the end.

The robber was now going rapidly but stealthily along the path that led toward the cottages.

"To think that I must assist this rascal to rob the Hueston residence," soliloquized Jack, as he followed close to the heels of the footpad. "What would Maud think of me if I were detected in the act? But no one else in my position could do otherwise. It is the best plan. If that crook found me out he'd shoot me."

"Keep to the left, Dick, or you'll be seen," said the burglar to Jack as they approached nearer to the Hueston residence. "I'll let you do the job when we get there 'cause you got the lay o' the land better 'an me. Climb the porch as we agreed on, and get into the girl's room. There you'll find most o' the jewelry. I'll keep watch below and give a whistle when there's danger."

Jack did not say a word in answer to this for fear he would be betrayed by his voice, so he merely nodded his head in assent. The question that now bothered his mind was how should he capture the thief and let the police know of the affair? A happy thought came to him as they stole up in the rear of Hueston's house—he would do as the robber bid him and enter the house. Then he would go to the telephone, for he knew where it was, and notify the police.

Jack was an expert gymnast, so he found no difficulty in scaling the porch and climbing into Miss Hueston's room. The servants evidently had taken advantage of the absence of the family and gone out. There was not a sound in the whole house nor a light in any of the rooms. Jack groped his way in the dark and soon found a step that led down stairs. He no sooner reached the spacious hall below than he heard the grate of wheels on the gravel path in front of the residence. Who could it be? He waited an instant, and then heard the click of the front

door latch. Some one entered. In another moment the electric lights were turned on, and Jack stood face to face with Maud. Before he could utter a word she gave a startled cry and fled through the front door closing it behind her. Jack followed, but when he came to the door he found that she had locked it. He heard Miss Hueston quickly directing the groom to drive to the police station, and in a few seconds the rapid patter of the horse's feet died away in the distance.

"Now," thought Jack, "I am in a very peculiar fix, taken for a burglar again, and this time by my betrothed. That beastly thief has evidently escaped. What am I to do? Well, the police will not be long in coming and then I shall explain the affair to them."

Jack did not have long to wait, for he soon heard voices without as if in consultation. He again went to the door and tried to open it. While thus engaged one of the policemen climbed through a window in the rear of the house and overpowered him.

"This is a mistake," Jack exclaimed trying to free himself, "my name is Odell; I am not a burglar, let me explain."

"Explain nothing!" said the stalwart policeman as he pushed him roughly through the front door. "I have heard that story before."

"I tell you I am a friend of Miss Hueston," said Jack angrily, "and not a burglar as you think."

"Then you will have a chance to see her," the policeman exclaimed sneeringly. "She's still at the station in a faint."

Jack thought it best to keep quiet for the present, so he walked on peaceably toward the police station. When he arrived there Miss Hueston had gained consciousness.

"Did you catch him?" she said as the police entered with Jack at his side.

"Maud!" exclaimed Jack, waiting eagerly for a sign of recognition from her.

"Who are you?" said she, surprised at the mention of her name.

Jack stood dumfounded for a few seconds, and then the thought came to him that he still had on that deceptive half mask. He tore it from his face.

"Why, it is Jack," exclaimed Maud excitedly.

Jack then told the whole story. A few minutes later the guilty burglar was led in by another policeman! The robber was very much astonished when he learned who his would-be companion was and he confirmed Jack's story.

Empty Shells

FRANCIS J. MAURIN.

You've not of the text a pulled hen
That saith hunters ben not holy men.—CHAUCER.

"There is a period," says Thoreau, "in the history of the individual as of the race when the hunters are the 'best men,' as the Algonquins called them." At the age of thirteen, or thereabout, a boy is seized with a desire to hunt; he either makes a sling or buys an air-gun or, if his parents are indulgent enough, a gallery rifle. Then he wanders to the woods and lanes to destroy everything he can "draw bead" on. "We can not but pity," says Thoreau again, "the boy who has never fired a gun,—he is no more humane, while his education has been sadly neglected. Such is oftenest the young man's introduction to the forest and the most original part of himself. He goes thither at first as a hunter and fisher, until at last, if he has the seeds of a better life in him, he distinguishes his proper objects as a poet or naturalist, it may be, and leaves the gun and fish-pole behind."

I have not reached that ideal state which can do without a gun. I do not go out with my former enthusiasm which hunts for the mere sake of hunting, but I still need the metallic weight of a breech-loader on my shoulder before I am attracted to the copse or meadow. Hunting is not a case of pure luck, there are the elements of industry in it; not so of fishing which is a combination of Buddhistic and the poker-player's doctrines.

Again, the hunter has more breeding than to read in nature's company. The hunter goes to nature as to a friend's house, but the fisher as to a café. The one is sympathetically alive to the manifestations of nature; the other lounges on the bank like a toper at a game of backgammon. The Waltonian's prey is cold, slimy and of a dull color; that of the hunter, on the contrary, is warm, soft, and glowing with gorgeous hues.

By hunting I mean chiefly fowling—*opera aucupium*, as Cicero in "De Senectute" calls it—for, since the extermination of nobler game, men are limited to fowls, and, if we are to believe Sir John Lubbock in his "Pleasures of Life," they will, in the course of greater dearth, take pleasure in the hunting of small birds, insects and even infusoria.

The duck is a prominent game bird, and every hunter delights in the study of the various species and their ways. The cinnamon, blue-wing and green-wing teals usher in the season, but remain a prey with the last. I remember once, when walking along a lake I saw an immense team of them quietly feeding on shore. I had never seen them upon land before and took them for so many stones. When they flew up at my approach I was too amazed to fire a shot. The great mallard (*anas boschas*) is the favorite with sportsmen, and the weight of a brace of them brings the smile of satisfaction to any reasonable hunter's face. I have bagged the golden eye, the widgeon, the pin-tail, the buffle-head, canvas-back, and shot one summer a wood duck, the most beautiful of the American species, somewhat like the Asiatic mandarin. It is a masterpiece in color, fit to be shot only for the taxidermist.

The forte of the duck is swimming, its foible walking; but what evolution in the feathered world can inspire more admiration than its flight? With long necks stretched forth like race-horses at the "finish," and wings whistling like sickled chariots in battle, they move with the determination of fate and the unhesitating accuracy of a planet. Now a pond, where the wild rice waves, attracts them; mark the order, regularity and discipline of that sudden, graceful descent. For some unexplainable reason they rise aloft with renewed impetus, and circle round and round as if to make a more complete survey when they fall again and splash into the wave like the launching of so many yachts, or, dissatisfied, they depart and fade to mere specks on the horizon, then are lost to the strained eye.

The duck-hunter's companion is the retriever. On account of its good-nature, agility and small size the spaniel is popular, but it will tolerate no harshness. I have seen collies trained for retrieving that appeared very efficient, but the noblest dog that I ever hunted with was "Prince," a powerful black dog of mostly Newfoundland blood. As a retriever he was perfect; he would chase a wounded duck over the whole length of a large pond, and notwithstanding his great size, would wade through mud where spaniels feared to tread. He would scent anything dropped in the grass or sedges. Water dogs never last long, and Prince, whose under jaw was grizzled when I hunted with him, was at length broken down. The fierce rheumatism fettered his joints,

and it was pitiful to see him attempt to rouse his pristine vigor when he caught sight of a breech-loader.

The hunter is trained chiefly in the field, but every true sportsman has a library where, among other things he learns that every collection of birds is not a flock. This ignorance makes the pot-hunter, poacher and violator of game statutes. A collection of teals to the initiated appear in a team, geese in a "gaggle," snipe in a "wisp," herons in a "sedge," pheasants in a "covey," swans in a "whiteness," quail in a "bevy," wild turkey in a "gang," peacocks in a "murster," pinnated grouse, late in season, in a "pack."

The favorite work on hunting among Americans undoubtedly is Frank Forrester's. Every hunter should have read Gillert White's "Natural History of Selborne." The English have a work called "Thoughts on Hunting" by a certain Beckwith or Beckford. Those skilled in the Greek classics may dip into Xenophon's *Cyropædia*. The American poet-naturalists, Borroughs and Thoreau, should also be found among every sportsman's collection.

When friends bore us, books tire us and we feel an undefinable ennui, then we shoulder our gun, whistle for the dog and believe in the philosophy of Rousseau. We tramp through the pathless wood, wade through wastes of grasses, sedges and water, wallow in morass, disseminate plants by means of burrs, listen to the scornful laughter of the solitary loon, to the plaint of the wheeling plover and to the imprecatory croak of the disturbed bittern; sit on some moss-grown log and have the jocose squirrel cast nutshells down upon us, wonder at the mysterious drum of the pheasant, grow pensive at the moan of the turtle-dove, kick over the mud hut of the crayfish and lose ourselves in a tangle of grape-vines; shudder at the rustle of the garter-snake; hurry the cumbrous turtle on his laborious way, set the whistling gopher inquiringly on his haunches, grow merry to see the tiny king-bird hector the lumbering crow, or screeching kite, guess the age of some ponderous, downcast, rotten trunk, mark with awe the effect of Jove's thunderbolt on a splintered oak, eat the prickly gooseberry and then go home to eat our supper, tell our friends Don Quixotically the course of our adventures, and read with the keenest appreciation the book that we left with a "dog's ear" in weariness.

The Election of the Pope.

LEO J. HEISER, 1902.

Leo XIII. is growing old, but may it be many years before the election of a new pontiff takes place. This election is an important event both to the Church and the secular world; for all eyes turn to Rome. Our Lord selected the first pope, but He left no law in which He determined by whom or in what manner the succeeding pontiffs were to be elected. The Church, since Christ established her, must have the power to select the pope and the method of selection, for He has "builded His Church wisely and carefully."

The electoral body, according to present usage, is the College of Cardinals. In the early times the pope was elected by the clergy and the people, but by degrees abuses crept in. Some elections were accompanied by bloodshed. This state of affairs continued until Pope Nicholas II., in the year 1059, decreed that the right of election be given to the Cardinals. The College of Cardinals represents all the early electoral bodies; the cardinal-bishops representing the bishops of the Roman Synod, the cardinal-priests, the parish clergy, and the cardinal-deacons, the most important parishes in Rome. The office of the College of Cardinals, essentially, is to help the pope in governing the Church, and to assume the government during the vacancy of the Apostolic See.

A vacancy in the see occurs when a pope dies or resigns. The Roman ceremonial prescribes that as soon as the pope dies, all the cardinals, except the Cardinal-Camerlengo, who administers the affairs of the Vatican, are to leave the palace. The secretary, immediately after the Cardinal-Camerlengo declares the pope dead, brings the ring of the fisherman—a circular seal which bears an image of St. Peter seated in a boat, casting his net into the sea and above the name of the pontiff,—and the seal of the pope to this cardinal who breaks them with a hammer. Notice is sent to the absent cardinals informing them of the death of the pontiff, but they are not convoked or summoned to the election of his successor. The law is their guide.

The cardinals in the palace wait ten days for the absent ones and no longer. During these ten days funeral services are held every morning in St. Peter's for the dead pope. If

the pontiff dies away from Rome the conclave must be held where he died; but to obviate this difficulty, the pope may decree before leaving Rome, that should he die while away, nevertheless the conclave will be held there.

On the eleventh day after the pontiff's death, the cardinals assemble in the basilica of St. Peter, and there the cardinal-dean celebrates the Mass of the Holy Ghost. Then chanting the *Veni Creator* they go in procession to the Vatican palace. The constitutions concerning the election of the pope are read, and the cardinals swear to observe them. When once the cardinals have entered the conclave they can not leave until the pope is elected, and once they leave they cannot return. All the windows and doors of the Vatican palace except one are sealed up. The door left unsealed is doubly locked, and is opened only to let a sick cardinal leave or a late one enter. Food and other necessities are admitted through a revolving box which is also doubly locked. A strict watch by the prelates of various degrees who are changed twice a day, is kept on all the food, and on the persons leaving and entering the conclave so that no letters or signs may be sent to or from the cardinals. If any one of the guard is found wanting in his duty, he is severely punished.

The cardinal-dean on the morning after entering the conclave celebrates the Mass of the Holy Ghost, at which all the cardinals receive Holy Communion. Immediately after this the first vote is taken. Every one except the voters is kept out of the chapel during the balloting. No one can vote by proxy, and, this may seem strange, a cardinal, although excommunicated, can not be deprived of a vote. This is to preclude dissensions. If during the conclave some of the cardinals withdraw refusing to take part in the election, the remaining number, even though only one or two are left, may validly elect the pontiff. In the case of only one remaining he can not vote for himself.

There are three ways of electing the pope: quasi-inspiration, compromise, and scrutinium or ballot. The quasi-inspiration takes place when one person is elected unanimously and without deliberation on the part of the cardinals; compromise, when the right of election is left to a few of the cardinals. This latter method is rare, and the former very rare. The scrutinium is the most common.

Three cardinals are chosen as tellers. A

vase, shaped like a chalice, is placed on the altar and beside it the oath that the cardinals take before voting. "I call on God, who will be my Judge, to witness that I choose the person whom before God I judge ought to be elected, and I will do the same in the accession." The ballot, which is especially arranged bearing the words "I choose for the Supreme Pontiff, —" with the name of the voter affixed, is put in the chalice. Then the tellers count the votes. A two-third vote is required. If no one receives the required number, what is known as the accession takes place. Each cardinal voting as before may go over to some candidate who has received at least one vote in the previous balloting, or stand by his first choice. All are obliged to vote in the accession. Those who change their votes write, "I go over to, —" those who do not, "I go over to no one." Then the votes of the accession are added to those of the scrutinium (no one is allowed to vote for the same one twice), and if no one is elected the votes are burned. The smoke escaping through a small flue announces to the expectant crowd outside that the Church is still without a pastor.

During the scrutinium it may happen that a candidate objectionable to one of the Catholic powers, receives so large a number of votes as to ensure his election. If this should happen the cardinal appointed to look after the interests of that power rises before the accession is held to exclude the objectionable cardinal. Austria, Spain and France claim the right of each excluding such a candidate. Whence this power came is unknown; it is not found in canon law; some hold it to be an usurpation.

Any man, even a layman or a married man, although for some centuries none but cardinals have been chosen, may be elected supreme pontiff, and as soon as he consents to the election he has full jurisdiction as Vicar of Christ.

The Cardinal-dean, immediately after the election advances to the chosen cardinal, if he is among the assembled number, and asks him if he accepts the papacy. The Cardinal-Camerlengo places the ring of the fisherman on his finger, and then he is conducted to the chair of state where he receives the salutations of the cardinals. Each one of them kisses him on the mouth, foot and hand. While this is going on the cardinal-dean declares to the people the voters' choice.

At this announcement the crowds utter shouts of joy, and the bells of the city are rung. The *Te Deum* is sung and while its echoes are still resounding in the glorious cupola and ascending to the throne of God, the Pope is carried back to the Vatican palace, and the memorable ceremonies of the papal election are ended.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, January 19, 1901.

Published every Saturday during Term Time at Notre Dame University

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Notre Dame, Ind

Terms, \$1.50 per Annum. Postpaid.

Address: THE EDITOR NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

The Board of Editors.

ANTHONY J. BROGAN, 1901

HARRY P. BARRY, 1901	WILLIAM J. O'CONNOR, 1901
JOSEPH J. SULLIVAN, 1901	WILLIAM H. TIERNEY, 1901
JOHN P. HAYES, 1901	JOHN M. LILLY, 1901
FRANCIS DUKETTE, 1902	GEORGE W. BURKITT, 1902
LEO J. HEISER, 1902	FRANCIS SCHWAB, 1902
HENRY E. BROWN, 1902	JOHN J. HENNESSY, 1902
PATRICK M'DONOUGH, '03	EDWARD A. RUMLEY, 1902
JOHN L. CORLEY, 1902	JOHN P. O'HARA, 1902

JOSEPH P. O'REILLY, 1903

JOHN P. CURRY, 1901

ROBERT E. LYNCH, 1903

FRANK J. BARRY, 1903

Reporters.

—The Faculty have made provisions lest we might grow insufferably dull and bore each other these days of alternate slush and sunshine. An entertaining programme of lectures and concerts has been arranged. Miss Anna Caulfield, who lectured here last year on art, heads the list this session. She will be here next Tuesday, Jan. 22; the Tyrolean Concert Troupe, January 28; on February 8, we will have the Temple Quartette; On Feb. 22, Dr. Rooker will lecture; on Feb. 26, Dr. De Costa; and on February 27, the Whitney Mockbridge Concert Company. We are also to have the pleasure of hearing Dr. Henry Austin Adams again; a treat we are sure every student who heard him speak last year will anticipate.

—The quick completion of the gymnasium shows the recuperative power of Notre Dame. But the building has not been finished so rapidly without a material sacrifice on the part of the University. A delay until spring would mean a saving of money—and a large saving at that,—for an unusual demand for labor and battling with foul weather must perforce call for a greater expenditure of capital. But the Faculty, both clerical and lay, worked well, and now we have a track hall and building

fitted out for the training of champions. Now the SCHOLASTIC, and with it many students, wish to know if we are willing as a body to join with the Faculty in encouraging our athletes.

It has been mooted among the students whether or not those athletic trophies destroyed in the fire should be duplicated. So far as we can learn almost all were in favor of doing so. Sorin Hall, in fact, went so far as to appoint a committee to get the co-operation of the other halls in the matter. That was before Christmas, and the time was not propitious. Our athletic hopes were low, and the gym was then but a heap of ruins. Many seemed willing enough to contribute toward the duplicating of the trophies, but the question was asked, "Where will we put them?" That need no longer trouble anyone. There is a good structure to put them in now. And by so doing we will show our appreciation of our athletes and spur them on to add more trophies to them. We should like to see this matter taken up again, for certainly it did not fall through before for lack of willingness on the part of the students to help.

The Death of Brother Edward.

Another link between the old days and the new was snapped when the venerable Brother Edward passed away last Monday afternoon. For the past two or three years his health had been failing; for many months he had taken no active part in the councils of the administration; day by day his strength failed, until at last his gentle soul went forth to receive the reward exceeding great.

Few lives—at least to human seeming—deserve that reward so thoroughly as did Brother Edward's. The beautiful analysis of his character pronounced by Father French at the funeral impressed all hearers with its justice and adequacy; and we regret that a verbatim report of the sermon was not secured for publication in the SCHOLASTIC. Brother Edward was one of the trusted counsellors of Father Sorin in the upbuilding of our *Alma Mater*; for thirty-eight years he was the treasurer of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, deputed to worry over financial matters while his fellow-religious labored in the pulpit or class-room. His problem was to make a small income fit a large expenditure, and in the terrible days following the great fire

of '79 that problem was painfully distressing. Earlier in the history of Notre Dame—when angry creditors stalked through the halls of our University threatening to foreclose mortgages and to turn the community, few in numbers and destitute of resources, into the street; when horses were unyoked from the plow to be sold that a pressing debt might be paid, and when religious who had taught laboriously during the college year were required to seek relaxation in the harvest-fields during vacation—in those earlier days there were indeed heavier anxieties. But no one will ever know the laborious days and sleepless nights which made up Brother Edward's life when fire swept away the work of thirty-five years, and when the makers of Notre Dame had to begin all over again with the same old problem of big debts and small resources to face.

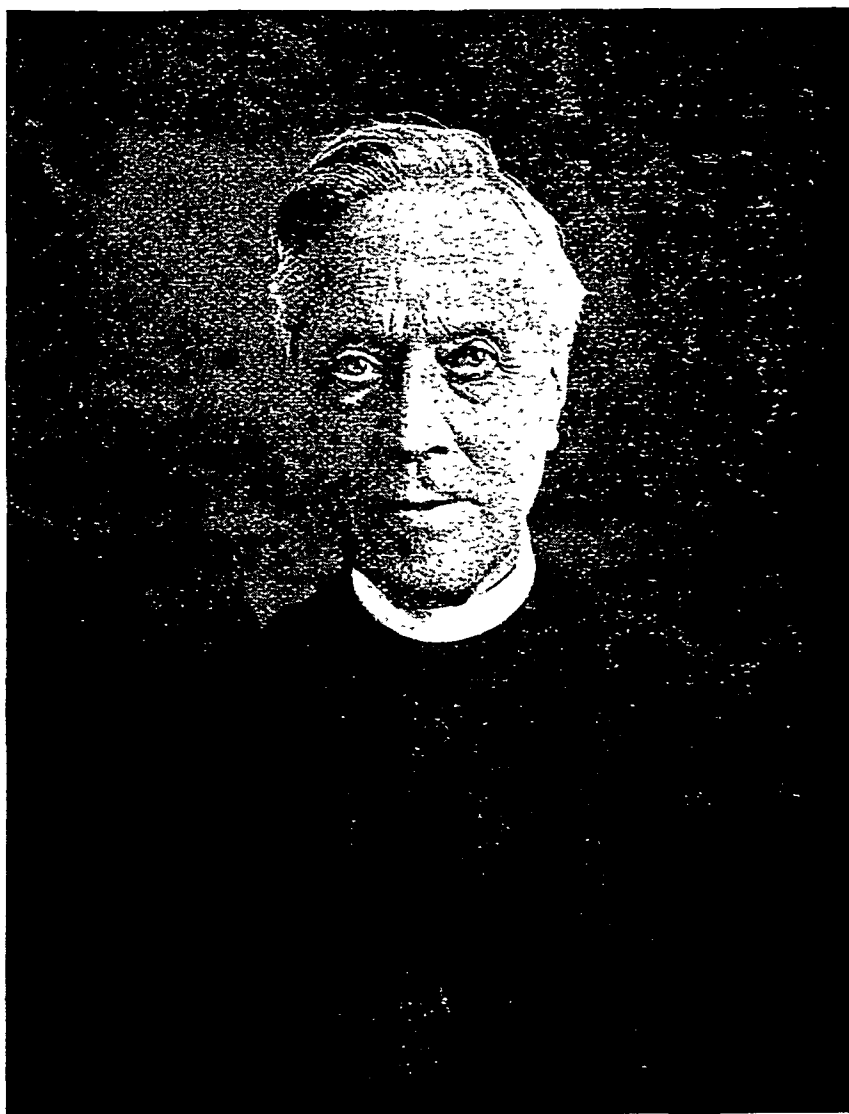
It would not surprise us if a life so entangled in secular affairs should be wanting somewhat in religious regularity; but it is the testimony of Bro. Edward's confrères in religion that in all the observances of the community-life he was a model

and an inspiration. He was a man of great faith and great charity. To innumerable persons he was "guide, philosopher and friend," and his daily round of duties was never complete until he had imparted advice, consolation or encouragement to such as needed these helps. He was not a mere business man wearing the habit of a monk; he was devoted wholly to his office work because it was imposed on him by religion. In short, he was of the old heroic mold, a worthy coadjutor of Father Sorin and the brave, strong men who built an institution of higher learning in the wilderness with a hope that time has justified and

a courage that later generations can never cease to admire.

Needless to say the death of such a man—though not a shock, for it was not unexpected—was a public bereavement; and a public tribute was due to his venerable life and character. On Wednesday morning the Community assembled at half-past five for the Office of the Dead, and at ten o'clock Father Morrissey, with deacon and subdeacon, celebrated Solemn High Mass of Requiem. The sanctuary was crowded with priests, and the large college church was filled to the doors with students and admirers of the lamented dead. Father French's masterly sermon was a well-measured tribute, all the more impressive because so thoroughly deserved.

When the final absolution was given, the long line of students, headed by cross-bearer and acolytes and followed by the college band discoursing the mournful notes of the Dead March, wound towards the little cemetery where lie the mortal remains of the makers of Notre Dame. Immediately before the hearse walked the long lines of the

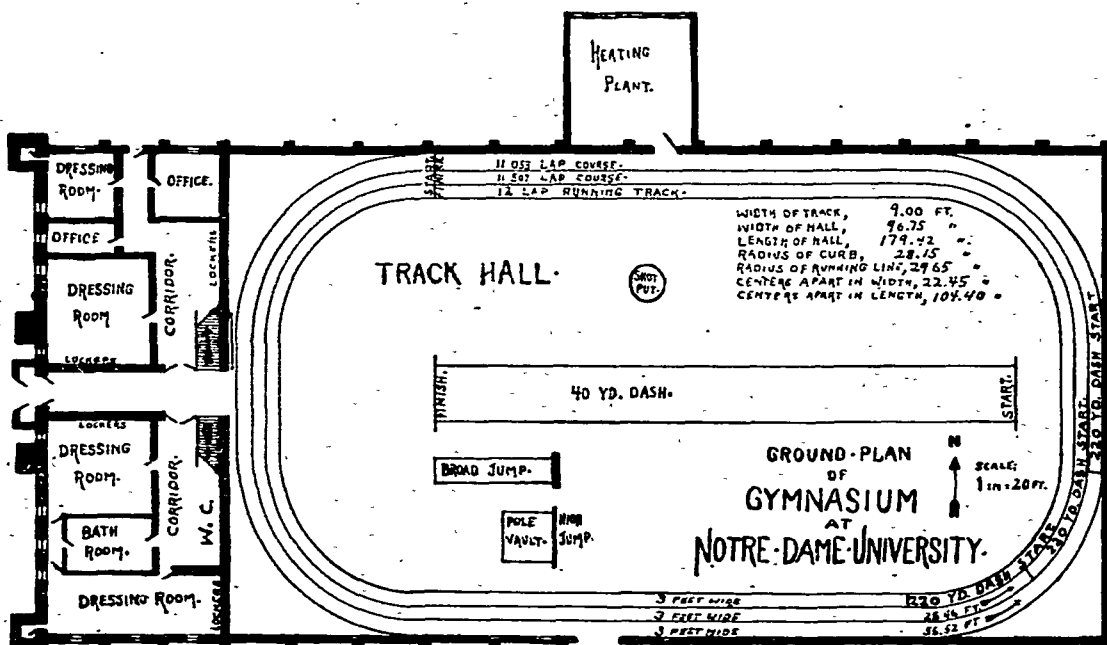


clergy by whom Brother Edward was greatly revered, and after the hearse walked many Sisters of the Holy Cross. Arrived at the cemetery the venerable body was lowered into the earth between the grave of Brother Augustus, so like Brother Edward in length of service, and the grave of Brother Celestine, so like him in evenness of temper and wholehearted devotion to the Community. Then with sprinkling of holy water and the liturgical prayers for the "Deposition" the public tribute of religion and honor to this noble, simple life was ended. May his soul, and the souls of all the faithful departed, rest in peace!

Where our Athletes will Train.

Before a week will have passed the gymnasium will be full of strong, sturdy young athletes who would have done justice to the games of ancient Greece. Truly it is marvelous to see the rapidity of construction. Where a few weeks ago we had blackened walls and heaps of twisted iron, the gymnasium now stands complete.

The shower and needle baths are finished, and require but the turning of a tap to put them into operation. The plan of having large tanks full of hot and cold water over the bath-room, and using a mixer has given way to a more improved method. Many changes have been made in the apparatus in use in the gymnastic room, and it now presents an admirable appearance.



The most prominent feature of the gymnasium, which has just been completed, is the large unobstructed floor space called the Track Room. The interior dimensions of this part of the building are approximately 100 by 180 feet. The roof is supported by twelve great iron trusses, thus doing away with the customary pillars which would otherwise be necessary in so large a structure. The indoor field is therefore unique. The enclosed area being so well suited to the interest of the various sports, gives Notre Dame the best possible advantages for the development of championship athletic teams. In the words of the Varsity trainer, Mr. E. W. Moulton, familiarly called "Dad," since he is the father of track athletics in the West, "There isn't for all practical purposes a better gymnasium in the country." He is confident that his track

team will prove the truth of this assertion before the season ends. He regards the dirt floor as particularly advantageous for the proper conditioning of contestants. Elsewhere, in common with other trainers, he has experienced great difficulty in the use of tracks that are made on board floors. At Notre Dame he is relieved of this difficulty. In view of the fact that very fast time was made on the old thirteen lap track, it is but natural to suppose that when the opportunity of competition is afforded, the new twelve lap track will prove a record breaker. For this reason the athletes in the West will be glad of a chance to participate in the indoor Meets at Notre Dame.

The accompanying ground plan cut is nearly accurate in all details. A change was made, throwing the start and finish of the twelve lap track almost fifteen yards back from the beginning of the curve, giving just thirty yards straightaway finish. The pole vaulting take off is set six yards forward from the position shown in cut, thus giving longer run. The forty-yard course for dashes starts six yards from the east wall and finishes in full view of people in the gallery. The plan gives figures used in laying out the track, so that it is mathematically

correct. Contrary to an impression regarding the old track, all former records are to stand till bettered; the old thirteen lap track was accurately measured, as figures show. It had been thought that a shortness in the track might account for the good records made.

Moulton and Corcoran have been trying the running track, and under the supervision of these two tried athletes, the curves were scooped out for three or four inches until properly made.

With the completion of this gymnasium we have found out that to lose one gymnasium is only to get a larger, better and stronger one in its place. The Faculty have stood by us and have done their work well; the rest devolves upon the athletes to work conscientiously until they bring the pennant of victory back from Chicago next June.

The Gymnasium Building-Fund.

Exchanges.

Wilton C. Smith, Chicago, Ill.....	\$100
The Rev. P. A. Baart, Marshall, Mich.....	25
Friend, Notre Dame, Ind.....	100
Friend, South Bend, Ind.....	1000
W. A. McAdams, Williamsport, Ind.....	25
The Very Rev. F. O'Brien, Kalamazoo, Mich..	50
George Cartier, Luddington, Mich.....	25
J. G. Kutina, Chicago, Ill.....	1
O. H. Woods, Avon, Ill.....	1
Lucius Hubbard, South Bend, Ind.....	50
Dr. F. Schlunk, New Riegel, Ohio.....	5
Chute Bros., Minneapolis, Minn.....	10
F. T. Slevin, Peoria, Ill.....	10
The Rev. A. Messman, Laporte, Ind.....	25
O. Chamberlain, Elkhart, Ind.....	10
T. T. Ansberry, Defiance, Ohio.....	5
The Rev. P. J. Crawley, Lebanon, Ind.....	20
W. H. Welch, Chicago, Ill.....	10
Miss Lizzie Ryan, Philadelphia.....	5
William P. Grady, Chicago.....	10
William P. Breen, Fort Wayne, Ind.....	100
A. M. Jelonak, Chicago, Ill.....	2
Ed W. Robinson, Chicora, Wayne Co., Miss..	15
Gilbert F. McCullough, Davenport, Iowa.....	10
A. M. Prichard, Charleston, W. Va.....	5
Friend, Lafayette, Ind.....	10
Austin O'Malley, Notre Dame, Ind.....	25
John H. Sullivan (for son John, St Edward's)	
Valparaiso, Ind.....	25
Peter F. Casey (for son Grover, St. Edward's)	
Chicago, Ill.....	25
J. A. Creighton, Omaha.....	250
Durand & Kasper, Chicago.....	100
Augustin Kegler, Bellevue, Ill.....	5
John C. Ellsworth, South Bend, Ind.....	100
Alfred Duperier, New Iberia, La.....	5
G. T. Meehan, Monterrey, Mexico.....	50
The Rev. E. P. Murphy, Portland, Ore.....	10
F. C. Downer (for son Henry and nephew	
Edward Kelly, St. Edward's Hall).....	
Atlanta, Ga.....	50
Earl W. Brown, Sheldon, Iowa.....	5
Edward C. Brown, Sheldon, Iowa.....	5
Wyman & Co., South Bend, Ind.....	100
E. A. Zeitler, Notre Dame.....	5
The Rev. N. J. Mooney, Chicago, Ill.....	50
A. J. Galen, Helena, Mon.....	5
Samuel T. Murdock, LaFayette, Ind.....	100
The Rev. Francis C. Kelley, Lapeer, Mich..	15
Frank B. O'Brien, Sorin Hall.....	25
Patrick Murphy, Chebanse, Ill.....	10
N. K. and W. H. Mills, Thornton, Ind.....	5
Rev. Timothy O'Sullivan, Cheltenham, Ill....	100
D. A. Hanagan, Chicago, Ill.....	25
Granville Tinnin, Rushville, Neb.....	25
John and Mrs. Dougherty, Beaver Meadow, Pa.	1
Michael Hastings, South Bend, Ind.....	25
August Fack (for his son in Carroll Hall)	
Helena, Montana.....	10
P. T. Barry, Chicago, Ill.....	50
James M. Brady, Windfield, Kansas.....	10
A. Friend, Boston, Mass.....	20
Rev. Hugh O'Gara McShane, Chicago, Ill....	50
Louis J. Herman, Evansville, Ind.....	5
Mr. and Mrs. Herbert (for sons Martin and	
George).....	25
Friend from Umatilla, Mexico.....	10
Robert A. O'Hara, Hamilton, Montana.....	10

We find in its Christmas number that the *St. Joseph's Collegian* does not come up to its old standard. The articles are wanting in proper development and cleverness, and the verse lacking all inspiration. Not only that, but the writers of verse forget that poetry is almost as much a matter of work as poetic fervor, the rime sequences, in many cases show this forgetfulness.

In the first piece of verse, "The Angelus Bell," consisting of three stanzas of four lines each, an *Ave Maria* is tacked on as a fifth line in the first two stanzas, but omitted from the third. There is no necessity for this *Ave Maria*, and for the sake of consistency we would suggest an *ora pro nobis* or a *miserere nobis* as a caudal appendage to the third stanza. "The Shepherd Lad" is a mysterious piece of verse, very commonplace, and can offer no excuse for its existence except that it is. We find these lines in the first stanza,

"A lonely shepherd boy
His flock was tending, chilly pains
Enduring without joy."

It is not necessary to comment on the strangeness of anybody, especially a shepherd boy, enduring chilly pains without joy. But the piece of verse which is an enigma to us is the sonnet, "The Fearless Bark," which sins against the first two rules of the sonnet, unity and clearness. The two last lines in the octave,

"A sea where billows rise 'midst winds' wild blow
That vie all hope of saving shores to choke,"

surely require an interpreter. The verse on "The Infant" unfortunately does not rise above the mediocrity of the other pieces. The paper, "Study of the World's History," is not so bad, with the exception of a few wild sayings; but the piece entitled "A Modern Roman" is neither modern nor Roman.

The ex-man devotes too much space to a private grievance. He forgets the object of an ex-column, and hence his sin.

* *

It is surprising what clever verse is sometimes found in exchanges which have no pretensions, and are content to rest on their merits. In the *Young Eagle* we find a piece of verse called "Retrospection" rich in feeling, and a sonnet entitled "My Violin" that possesses much merit. The sonnet form is so difficult in itself that praise is certainly due a successful sonneteer.

J. J. S.

Local Items.

—"Like quills upon the fretful porcupine"
Or hair upon the faces of the lawyers of nineteen-one—

—FOUND.—During vacation a fountain pen. The owner may have it by calling at Room 52, Sorin Hall.

—Students who can not find time to enter the regular course in typewriting will be given an opportunity to follow a course of instruction on Thursdays. Payment should be made at the office at once.

—Geo. H. Kelly has been elected manager of the Brownson baseball team for the ensuing season, and Thielman and O'Reilly appointed as a committee to select the team. There are an unusually large number of candidates this season which promises well for the future. Practice will begin in a few weeks.

—Those desiring to enter the vocal music class for the ten-week session should apply at the office at once as the class is about to be started. The object of the Professor in arranging for this class is to enable boys to learn to sing music at sight. Those who do not care to take the regular course of vocal culture can enter this class on the payment of a small fee, and those who are now entered for the long course may come in free.

—The debate held in Washington Hall last Wednesday was a spirited affair throughout. Each of the speakers showed a lively interest in the question discussed which was: That the state appropriate the unearned increment of natural agents in lieu of all other taxation. The decision was given to the affirmative, thereby scoring a victory for the single tax. The speakers for the affirmative were John P. Hayes, William Baldwin, Edward Rumely, Anthony Brogan; for the negative, William J. O'Connor, John Corley, J. J. Sullivan and H. P. Barry. The judges were Patrick McDonough, Francis Schwab and John O'Hara.

—In order to prove to Bill Baldwin's satisfaction that Adam had a legal right to throw the second man into the sea, an anti-single taxer placed the matter of looking up Adam's title to the earth in Judge Cooney's hands. The Judge had his stenographer, Chauncey Wellington, look up the records, and we publish the abstract for the benefit of Bill's admirers. It is as follows:

This is to certify that I have this day examined the title to the earth, and find it as follows: the Creator of the earth, by parol and livery of seizin, did enfeof the parents of mankind, to wit, Adam and Eve, of all that certain tract of land, called and known in the planetary system by the name of "The Earth" together with all and singular the advantages, woods, waters, water-courses, easements, liberties, privileges, and all other

appurtenances whatsoever therewith belonging, or in anywise appertaining, to have and to hold to them the said Adam and Eve, and the heirs of their bodies lawfully to be begotten, in fee tail general forever, as by the said feoffment recorded by Moses in the first chapter of the first book of his records, commonly called Genesis, more fully and at large appears a reference being thereunto had.

CHAUNCEY WELLINGTON.

Office boy at Judge Cooney's.

And after all this trouble Baldwin says he doesn't believe Adam ever existed.

—The Law Class of 1901 held a special meeting in Room 96, Sorin Hall, Monday afternoon, and President Gallagher addressed the members in the following words:

"Gentleman, what's the use of showing every trait you have when you can cover it up. I don't see why, nowadays, when everybody is laying himself out to do everybody else, we should go around with smooth faces. Besides, no man has a right to be uglier than necessary. But suppose we are not ugly and intend to practise law, won't it be much easier to put up a facial bluff when you have a good supply of whiskers? So, if we can not get rid of our faces and expressions we can at least cover them. Gentlemen, I thank you for your attention, and trust the resolution which Mr. Barry presents, will be carried by an unanimous vote."

Mr. Barry presented the following resolution: "Resolved that any member of the Class of Grave and Reverend Lawyers, who shall fly in the face of nature, and doth remove, or cause to be removed, from his face the beard or hair wherein lieth his strength, shall be brought to trial for violation of this sacred injunction and held to the judgment of his beloved co-members." The resolution passed.

Mr. Mitchell rendered the following selection in a beautiful baritone voice:

The Lawyers of nineteen-one
Will set a lively pace
When they appear some morning
With hair upon their face;
They've passed a resolution
That he who shaves his lip
Will never be admitted
Into their membership
To that class of legal luminaries
Who expect to spread their fame,
And be a lasting credit
To dear old Notre Dame.

Since the departure of our famous local actor, several appeals have been made for a man to fill his place. When Julius Cæsar Walsh arrived on the scene, and found his long tried friend missing, he offered all the money he possessed for the recovery of that individual or a substitute. Though this was very enticing, considering that Julius has borrowed all his chewing since he returned

to the University, nobody seemed willing to take the proposal. The atmosphere soon became gloomy, life seemed to have lost all its charms, everybody went around with big crystal tears dripping from his eyelashes, and the astrologists predicted several cases of insanity. At this stage the noble and self-sacrificing gentleman Andrew Van Curen volunteered his services. It would do one's heart good to see the change that came over the boys. Julius C. shed crocodile tears of joy; Staples called a meeting of his admirers and made a speech in which he proved that he closely resembled a certain famous athlete, Meyer fell into a philosophical trance, McGlew felt for his "shillelah" to batter Boot's head who was running down the Boers, and O'Mahoney creditably delivered himself of a hearty Irish reel accompanied by Mike Daly playing the harmonica. A procession was immediately formed and the glorious Van Curen was carried along, despite his 280 pounds of flesh and bone, amid great pomp. Uffendal then made a speech in which he said: "As all the Roman Emperors after Julius Cæsar have been called Cæsars, let us decree that all our actors after the famous one who has left us be called after him." All assented their approval and Van Curen gratefully acknowledged his new title.

—When it became bruited about Sorin Hall the other day that one of our musicians was sending his violin home a clamour arose on all sides that he should reconsider his decision. We assured him we appreciated his efforts and the swinging flow of his melody, though at times it was above us. We told him that our "joshing" was but a way of showing appreciation, just as in some nations lovers quarrel and chide the deeper the passion grips them. But our most sincere asservations availed naught. The musician was inexorable. Home he sent the violin. Tears flowed so freely that we were able to have "hot wather" to bathe in—the first in weeks. We looked about on all sides to find one who could still the surging billows of desire in our souls. Where to find a musician for the nonce took the place of the single tax question. We searched high and low and had almost lost hope when Welker, B. S. (1900) stepped forth and said: "Since the innate modesty of Mr. Joe Kinney restrains him from making his talent known, it devolves upon me to say he is the man you seek. Mr. Kinney is a flute player."

All looked surprised! Could it be possible. We knew Mr. Kinney as a man of parts; as a scholar, a fire chief, as an amiable and gentle companion, as a judge of soda water, but never as a musician. Some one wished to hear him. Mr. Kinney was prevailed upon to play. The harmony of his notes were grand, heavenly, magnifique! The sparrows peered in through the chinks of the door to hear

him the wild pigeons from the woods came, the very tree tops ceased their swaying and even the owl that presides over the destiny of Mr. Yockey's piano was seen to wrinkle his attentive brow. All his human hearers were spellbound, so that Kinney had a chance to escape. Mullen, softly remarked, "I now know why Kinney was a cowboy on a lone tract for three years." The comment is invidious.

—The Helpful Fraternity of Sorin Hall held their first meeting of the century last Wednesday night. The object of the gathering was to attend to the higher wants of the soul; its purpose being to discuss whether or not a piano that has delighted the musical members of Sorin Hall during the past session should be retained until April. Why it should be given up in April was not clear until Mr. Sullivan, erewhile president of the Republican Club, enlightened his brethren:

"Gentlemen," he said, "in the springtime with the coming buds and blossoms cometh the robins, nature's music-makers. How much sweeter and more delightful to the auditory nerves is it to listen to them, and to see nature as she really is, than to give ear to the melody of our pianists, or even to hear the heavenly harmony of Mr. Yockey's voice. I therefore think we should not keep the piano longer than April."

Mr. Sullivan said many other choice things, but we will not demean his wisdom by dragging them into a common report of this kind. It was doubtful if the members were willing to keep the piano until April. They deemed it rather expensive. Then John Persuader Hayes arose and said:

"Gentlemen, I must say the harp strings of my soul are not high strung, and even if they were, I know where to seek better music than that rendered in our reading-room. But I rise from a practical point of view.

"During the past few weeks I have noticed our supply of 'hot wather' has been very cold. I attribute it to the fact that there has been no music in the basement to keep Mr. O'Brien at his post. For this reason I think it would be well to keep and play the piano."

John P.'s eloquence and practical raysen did not move the assembly. A deep voice was heard in the back of the hall, saying:

"Mr. Chairman, I have a word to say. I wish to relieve the anxiousness of those who want the piano to remain here."

All looked toward the speaker. Few knew him, yet all thought the voice and style of expression resembled Mr. C. Yockey's. Could it be Chauncey? True enough. Chauncey he was, but changed. The waving auburn locks, that had fallen so gracefully and equally over his cheeks and ears, were now thrown over the right side of his face in artistic disorder. Indeed, Mr. Yockey, in view of the fact, that soon he was to become a man of the world, as

it were, had parted his hair on the side. When he had proven his identity he continued:

"As I was saying, I wish to relieve the anxiousness of those who, like myself, enjoy the refining inflictions of music. I have to say, I regret there are those among us so clodish that they are cast down at anything uplifting." Here Chauncey changed his cud to his left cheek and looked around for a spittoon.

"Mr. Chairman, like Pericles, I am not a worker in the arts myself, but a lover of them. I am not a player but a listener. But oh! how can I tell you how my bosom heaves and my eyes fill when I hear such magnificent pieces as "She's mah Blach Baby" and "Get Yer Habits on," softly rendered by Mr. Warder. I think that if all do not contribute, a few cultured souls like me will be able to borrow enough to pay for that piano. If that can not be done, gentlemen, I'll force myself to pay for it."

He fell down. The strain had been too great on a tender and refined soul. But this shows the power of true art. To the noble and magnanimous it appeals. It so stirs them that they will toil for it, fight for it, and if need be—as Mr. Yockey has promised—pay for it. In our next issue we will let our readers know if the Sorinites have yet bought him the piano.

—One night last week Otto, our local astronomer and weather man, was found lying unconscious on the road in front of the Observatory with a beautiful water-lily smile fastened to his features and tightly gripping a letter in his hands. After reviewing our hero we were extremely shocked to learn that the letter was from our long-lost correspondent, Wandering Billie, but a great deal more so when we heard that Otto had received it direct from the planet Mars. When we recovered sufficiently to be able to converse with Otto we asked him to explain the mystery to us which he did as follows: "Ach, shust aboutt den o'clock I vas bin shtudy by mine room in, ven kerflop, that crazy Mullinns fellow kummenced to blay on dat inshtument vich he haint got. Dat I don't mind von leetle bit shust so long dat he blay Highrish und roogdime airs, budt bretty brevious he got schonombolistic (dat means buckhouse) und kummenced choppin' of sum classicale biece vchich ride away pudt me in der cleer. Vell, dat vas not so badt undil dat oner buckhouse fellow, Teddimonose Gilbereto he kummenced. Ach lieber, den I vos got angry by mineself und go der obserwationatory in und bike at der moon which is shust so looney like dose fellows, Mullinns und Gilbereto. Vell boudt twellef o'clock I got me tired biking at the moon und I swidch afer to der blanet Maars. A couble off hours lader I foundt me a leetle shpeck on dat blanet, und I

dinks maype id ish shust vat dat shentlemen Teshla dislocated der oner day, aint id. Py und py dat shpeck get pigger und pigger, und afder a while id got so pig dat I get me oxcited und dink maype dat ish von komet dat vhill yedt soon kum in contackshun mit der Unoited Shtaates und vipe id of der gloobe. Boudt too o'clock der shpeck vas so pig I seed it midt mine shtark naked eyes und foundt dat id vas only a cloudt dat vas kumming ride straide ad me. I vas not fraide such dings like dat, und I vate me batiently ids kumming.

A couble of minutes lader dat cloudt brake itself und drop rain und leetle shtones all roundt aboutt der obserwationatory. Efen dat vas not got me oxcited shince I vas oxberienced midt such habbenings before already, und py und py ven id vas all ofer I go me oudt in der road und bick me upp sum leetle shtones. Von leetle shtone vich vas pigger dan der oner leetle shtones attrackshuned addention by me und I bick id upp und foundt dat id vas got sumdings tiad mid a shtring too id. Vell, I look und findt a ledder on der endt off der shtring midt wridings on id, und I dink too mineself how id vas cum yedt here, und I keep dinking und dinking undil py und py I say too mineself, "Id vas kum frum Maars, ain't id? Den ride away I fainted, und keepdted dat vay undil you vas vake me upp und ashk off me vy id vas foundt dat ledder und vhere. Vell, shentlemens, I go me py dat obserwationatory in efery night now und leaf dat Mullinns und Gilbereto fighdt it oudt. Who knose butt dat I may yedt bekum greadt. You candt alvas sumtimes dell."

This is our hero's story.

If any person is uncouth enough to doubt its veracity let him apply to the office boy, or Terry McGovern for full particulars. The letter, however, ought to be sufficient to satisfy all skeptics. For their benefit we publish it.

PLANET MARS, 1901.

DEAR EDITOR: Am in doubt as to whether this will reach you or not, but hope it will. Have been trying to communicate with Tesla for some time, but he did not get next. While looking on your little globe to-night I discovered my old friend Otto at work in the observatory, but could not attract his attention. I finally hit a plan which I hope may be successful. If you get this you can let me know by getting up on the Dome and waving Farragher's red socks three times. Do this the first night the moon is full and all will be well. If I receive that signal, wonderful things will happen after. For the present adieu.

Your long lost correspondent,

WANDERING BLLLIE.

P. S.—In my next I will clear up all the mysteries surrounding my sudden disappearance two years ago and my presence now on Mars.—"BILLIE."